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AGENTS.

Col. R. M. Cochran, Mecklenburg, N. C.
Chas. W. Harris, Mill Grove, N. C.
R. W. Allison, Concord, N. C.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JUNE, 1839.	Sun (Sun rises/sets).	MOON'S PHASES.
20 Thursday,	4 47 13	For June, 1839.
21 Friday,	4 47 13	D. N. M.
22 Saturday,	4 47 13	Last 4 6 26 even.
23 Sunday,	4 47 13	New 11 9 31 fore'n.
24 Monday,	4 47 13	First 18 4 30 even.
25 Tuesday,	4 47 13	Full 26 6 49 even.
26 Wednesday,	4 47 13	

MISCELLANEOUS.

COURTSHIP.—BY THOMAS MOORE.

"Oh Laura! will nothing I bring thee
E'er soften those looks of disdain?
Are the songs of affection I sing thee,
All doomed to be sung in vain?
I offer thee, fairest and dearest,
A treasure, the richest I'm worth;
I offer thee love, the sincerest,
The warmest e'er glow'd upon earth."

But the maiden a haughty look flung,
Said, "Come my compassion to move;
For I'm not very partial to singing,
And t'wixt your poor, whose sole treasure is love!"

"My name will be sojourn'd in story;
I offer thee, dearest, my name,
I have fought in the proud field of glory!
Oh Laura, come share in my fame!
Bring thee a soul that adores thee,
And loves thee wherever thou art,
Which thrills as its tribute it brings thee
Of tenderness fresh from the heart."

But the maiden said, "Cease to importune,
Give Cupid the use of his wings;
Ah, Fame's but a painful fortune—
And hearts are much valuer than things!"

"Oh Laura, forgive, if I've spoken
Too boldly—may, I find not away—
For my heart with affliction is broken—
My soul's not only to-day;
My uncle the noble, who found
My youth with affection and care,
My maidens who kindly befriended—
He—died—and—has—left—me—here!"

And the maiden said, "Weep not, sincerest!
My heart has been yours all along;
Oh! hearts are of treasures the dearest—
Oh, Edward, go on with your song."

THE SISTERS.

"And she will be his bride;
At the altar he'll give her
The love that was his true
For a heartless deceiver.
The kind may think me gay,
For my feelings I smother,
Oh! thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my Mother."

The room was small, but the splendid and almost oriental style of magnificence with which it was furnished, left not a doubt that it was the boudoir of some favorite of fortune; the carpet so thick and soft, that the heavy tread of the mailed warrior could not be distinguished from the soft fairy tread of beauty; the low and velvet covered couches, the large mirrors, the splendid pictures, whose style bespoke them from the masters of Trianon or Claude; the marble tables, the rich curtains, all spoke of wealth, taste, and elegance. But with this splendor there was a certain something, which told the inmate was careless or indifferent to it all. On a small centre table of the purest Italian marble, stood a rich porcelain vase filled with rare exotics; but they looked nearly withered—books and engravings strewed the table, but they too lay untouched and unopened—a guitar and a harp stood near, but several of the strings of both were broken. On a beautifully arranged toilet table lay a casket of rich and sparkling gems—the casket was half open, and many of the trinkets strewed about in confusion. Turn now from this minutia, and look at the inhabitant of this apartment, and tell me if happiness dwells with wealth and splendour. On a low crimson Ottoman reclined a fair being who might have been thought to be an inmate of the objects around her, except for the low passionate sob that at times burst from her bosom, as if her very heart was breaking; she was even in her sorrow an exquisitely beautiful creature: her fiery and perfect form; the infant like delicacy and purity of her complexion; her head of Grecian like dignity; the profusion of dark curls; which showed without concealing the intellectual loveliness of her pale face, all bespoke her lovely; she had apparently just returned from a ball or party, if one could judge by the elegance and coquetry of her dress, which was of a white silvered crape, confined at the wrists and waist by bracelets and a garle of pearls, with a rich twisted necklace and pendants of the same; a pearl band

deau, in which was fastened, a plume of white feathers, lay on the floor as if dropped from the head by accident.

"Yes," she exclaimed in a low broken voice, "she will be his bride, and I—what am I—a poor despised creature, looked on with indifference, perhaps with hate, by the being I feel I yet adore—he will be happy while I am miserable; but I deserve it all. Oh, that I could die and be at peace," again she wept bitterly. A low tap was heard at the door, and before she had time to refuse admittance, a fairy form glided into the room, and in a moment was locked in her arms. "My own sister," "dearest Helen," was all that was uttered by either for some moments; at length the visitor rose up from her fervent embrace and seated herself on a low stool, at the side of the couch, while her sister (for such she was) as if overcome again sunk back in her reclining position, and gave vent to a fresh burst of tears, still clasping the hand of the fair intruder in her own. "Tell me, my own Helen, what ails you—is this my welcome, after months of separation?—am I instead of meeting with your own glad smiles to be greeted with tears. Tell me," she continued, throwing herself on her knees, and pressing her lips to the cold forehead, "what can possibly ail you: are you sick; you cannot be unhappy, surely, or your own Cecile would long ere this have known of your griefs and flew to soothe them: if you are ill, cheer up and smile upon me, and your own sister shall be your faithful nurse. With so kind a husband, and all else your heart can desire, you must be happy." "Happy," murmured the lady, while her very frame seemed shook with the agony those words called up, "happy—never in this world; my happy days are over, Cecile." She seemed quite overcome, and Cecile forbore to answer her, lest she should renew sorrows which she wished to alleviate; she at length insensibly sunk into a light slumber, whilst the young and beautiful being, who seemed by her bright and radiant face never to have known sorrow, bent over her with the anxiety of a fond mother, watching her sleeping infant, afraid to move lest she should disturb the sleeper. She continued in her kneeling posture, watching the countenance of her sister. "And I thought," she murmured, "po she is not," thought the gentle girl, as she gazed in painful silence upon the altered features of Helen. Her moans and inarticulate murmurs sometimes escaped from her as if her sleep was far from peaceful; at length, after a deeper moan, she opened her languid blue eyes, and they fell upon her gentle nurse; "my sister," she exclaimed with a mournful smile, "how good you are thus to watch over me; but will you not retire, it is late, and in my selfishness had forgotten that you have walked far, and must feel fatigued." No, no, my sister, I cannot sleep; wherefore then leave you. I am miserable, for you are so; let me know what is the cause of your unhappiness, and if I cannot relieve, at least your Cecile can weep with you." Helen had risen at the close of her sister's remark, and for a minute paced the room with quick and hurried tread, as if to escape some painful recollection: at length seating herself by a low window, where the moon poured her silver rays upon her face she said, "The task is a painful one, but to you I have long wished to speak freely—yes, it will console me to know there is one to sympathize with me." She pressed her hand forcibly to her head, as if to still the throbbing temples, and with a low halting voice commenced, "You know I am your senior, by several years—you know, too, how dearly we have loved, and how bitter were the tears we shed when I was sent for home from school, and obliged to be parted from you: all this you know; but you knew not, that dearly as I loved you, my sorrow was evanescent. I was going into that gay world, into whose scenes I had so often entered in my waking as well as midnight dreams—I sighed at our close confinement to studies, our simple recreations, and our country situation—I wanted to visit the gay balls, parties, theatres, &c. which I had so often read of; and more than all this, I earnestly wished to love and to be beloved. With all these thoughts thronging in my young heart, can even you wonder that my tears were soon vanished. You know that I arrived safely at my mother's splendid mansion, and she received me with a mixture of affection and gratified pride, and prophesied I would make a brilliant match." I was introduced to the gay world, and entered with pleasure into its extravagances and follies. I was styled beautiful, known to be wealthy, and was therefore followed by many admirers, but my heart remained untouched. Even then, my heart would oftentimes pine for your society, and I would wish myself back, a simple, happy school girl. So true it is, that pleasures, however delightful in imagination, lose much from constant repetition. I wished for something to love and to be beloved. My mother was kind and I respected her; but her manners were not calculated to gain her children's love, con-

sequently she was not my confidant. Unhappy situation when a daughter may not confide in a mother. Who so suitable a friend, a guide, an adviser as a mother. You may remember our friend, Rosa Evelyn, who was married shortly after I left school, and for whom I was bridesmaid; it was at her happy home that I first met her cousin, Eugene Evelyn, that I first knew what love was." A long silence followed these words, as if they called up scenes too painfully pleasing for memory to dwell upon. "Enough, my sister, to say I was beloved and loved devotedly; a few happy months flew round, and then I was awake from my dream of bliss—my mother was petrified and enraged at the idea of an alliance desirable; that is, wealth and rank. She forbade my again seeing Eugene. Fear, not duty, led me to obey her; for oh, how will you believe me when I tell you, that knowing my fortune to depend entirely upon my mother, I dared not, much as I loved, encounter privations and want of luxuries. In short, I dreaded poverty (or an approach to it) as one of the greatest evils in life. I received from my lover many letters breathing affection and tenderness, and conjuring me to fly with him. "If," he said in one of his letters, "if, dearest Helen, your mother's refusal was grounded on the idea that I was vicious or dissipated I would not urge you to flight; I would strive to convince her of her error and gain her esteem: but no, she would sacrifice the peace, the happiness of her daughter, of me, for what—because I possess not wealth. I ask not your fortune: I have competence, and if faithful love and constant endeavor, on my part, to make you happy, can make up for the luxuries, the splendour of your home, then consent my own love, to unite your fate to mine." "And yet, even after I had read these precious lines, I became another's—yes, turn not away, sweet sister; relax not the grasp of those dear hands, I feel too deeply my own unworthiness, to bear even your unintentional marks of sorrow. Wrought upon by habitual fear and respect of my mother—won upon (I blush to own it) by the splendid presents, the house, the equipage of Sir William Ethrington, I consented, in an evil hour, to be his wife, and as the breath came from the very recess of her heart, "now comes the heart breaking scene; I had heard that Eugene had been informed of my conduct and my marriage; that he felt that his love had been thrown away upon an unworthy object, and consequently he felt for me an utter contempt; so, at least, I was told. It has now been near a twelve-month since my marriage, when, partly to gratify my husband, and partly to chase away gloomy feelings, I consented to go to a large party this evening at Lady Rouchdale's. Sir William was forced to leave me at the door, as he was engaged elsewhere.

I entered the brilliant apartments, blazing with lights and beauty; I had hardly reached my seat, when my eye fell upon—Eugene Evelyn; not as I had once heard of him, pale and dejected, but looking as when I first saw him, radiant with smiles and health. On his arm leaned a beautiful delicate girl, whom, however, at that time, I scarcely observed, being so entirely taken up with watching Eugene. He did not see me, but continued in earnest conversation with the lady. As I stood in a deep

recess, I could, unobserved by any, watch his ever-varying countenance: and oh, how bitter were my feelings at that moment.—My musical powers, which your fond affection used to magnify into something extraordinary, were, even in the gay world, in requisition; and accordingly I was soon surrounded by many urging me to play and sing. It was in vain that I pleaded indisposition, and with a heavy heart I at length consented to be led into the music room, hoping that I was not perceived by Eugene. Feeling in a dull mood, I pitched upon the first song that was handed me; it was a low, melancholy tune, and seemed suited to my feelings. It ended with the following verse:

Give me, of cold oblivion's grave,
A draught, in sorrow's chalice sad;
My hopes are slumbering in the grave;
Past are the dreams which once could glad."

Much agitated after singing, I arose, and was at length permitted to move away, while a lady took my place at the piano.—"How handsome Mr. Evelyn looks," said a voice near me. I involuntarily looked up and encountered the earnest look of Eugene—he bowed and I immediately turned my eyes away; but a conversation that happened near me, attracted my sole attention.—After speaking for some time highly in his praise, one of the ladies remarked, "do you know that it is a positive fact, that he is engaged to be married to the lady he is with?" Yes, I heard that she was to be the bride, the blessed bride of my own Eugene. I fainted, and when I recovered it was to find myself supported by him, whilst the fair girl whom I had seen with him, was gently bathing my burning brow. Oh! happy, too happy moment—would that I had

died even then; but no, such a blessed lot was not mine. When he found I had recovered, he resigned me to the arms of Lady Mary Clinton, which I heard was the name of the lady. He asked me if he should call my carriage; I gladly assented, and taking his offered arm was led, more dead than alive, to the door. As he lifted me in the carriage he pressed my hand, "You have my forgiveness, Helen, I am happy; would that you were so too." Never, oh! never, shall I be happy again, Eugene; my heart is breaking." He gave me a thrilling look of pity; even yet I see it—pressed my hand to his lips and closed the door. All else is a blank to me until I found myself here." She ceased and leaned her burning brow on the marble slab, as if to cool it, while her young sister wept without restraint. "I have wearied you to death, my own sweet Cecile, let us both kneel now in earnest prayer, even as when we were children together, and then let us seek a little rest." The two fair sisters knelt down, the one in her single innocence, the other in her deep unhappiness, and remained long in fervent holy prayer. When they arose, though their eyes were still filled with tears, there was a holy serenity visible in the features of both, lovely to behold. They together laid down to court a little repose. Tired nature at length sunk exhausted, and it was late in the day ere Cecile awoke, and recalled to recollection the painful success of the last night. She arose gently and stood by her sister's side. "How lovely, how angelic she looks! and what a sweet smile beams on her features. I cannot wake her—sleep on, sweet sister: be at least happy in your dreams." So saying, she stooped over her and pressed her rosy lips to the pale forehead of a corpse.

When Cecile was recovered from a long, deep swoon, she found that she had not been deceived. Helen's gentle frame had sunk under the pressure of misery; and though she mourned for her sister, she could not but rejoice that her unhappiness was at an end. It was midnight, when Cecile went to take a last look at the lovely remains of her beloved sister, beautiful even in death. She reposed upon that couch from whence she was to be conveyed to her grave. My tears have been exhausted, a striking contrast; a sweet smile yet played round her lips, which even death had not robbed of their coral like hue—she looked as placid as a sleeping infant. She was buried with pomp and splendor; and the only tears shed for her in real sorrow, were by Cecile and Eugene, who attended her funeral. As for her husband, he had always admired her, but love with him had no existence. He considered a wife as a necessary appendage, and had chosen out a beautiful one, only because she was the fashion, and was sought by others.

Eugene was in a few months happily married to Lady Mary Clinton, and their first girl was by Lady Mary's request named after the unfortunate Helen. Cecile also married a man in every way deserving of her; and unlike her sister, looked only for virtue and goodness in her choice, and consequently enjoyed much happiness.—But it was long ere she ceased to think of and regret the mournful lot of one who was led away by the luxuries and vanities of this life from peace and happiness.

ADELE.

Matrimonial Balance.—Not long since a reverend Clergyman in Vermont, being apprehensive that the accumulated weight of snow upon the roof of his barn might do some damage, was resolved to prevent it, by seasonably shovelling it off. He therefore ascended to it, having first, for fear the snow might all slide off at once, and himself with it, fastened to his waist one end of a rope, and given the other to his wife.—He went to work, but fearing still for his safety. "My dear," said he, "tie the rope round your waist." No sooner had she done this than off went the snow, poor minister and all, and up went his wife. Thus on one side of the barn the astonished and confounded clergyman hung, but on the other side hung his wife, high and dry, in majestic sublime, dinging and dangling at the end of the rope. At that moment, however, a gentleman, luckily passing by, delivered them from their perilous situations.

The Wife.—As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been raised by it into sunshine, will, when the sturdy plant is riven by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, binding up the shattered boughs and supporting the drooping limbs. So it is beautifully ordered that woman, who is simply the ornament and dependant of man in his happier hours, should become his solace and support when smitten with sudden calamities, cheering the drooping spirits and binding up the broken heart.—W. Irving.

"I have seen a rich man's son begin where his father left off, and end where his father began—penniless."

From the Farmers Advocate.

SUGGESTIONS TO FARMERS.

Our Agriculture, though the main spring of other employments, and the source on which they all depend, and from which they must all be measurably supplied, is really in a deplorable condition, of which undeniable proofs are plainly presenting themselves to the view of every observing individual, in the evident deterioration of our lands. The very same fields which but a few years ago were capable of producing 30 or 40 bushels of corn to the acre now, with the same culture, will not produce half that quantity, and indeed many fields, which not more than twenty years ago were forest land, are now abandoned as useless, thrown out into common, washed into gullies, and not even fit for pasture. Now these are facts, which no candid man who has been acquainted with our agricultural career for the above mentioned time, will attempt to deny.

Parents—you who have growing families of children around you, we would earnestly ask you, what must be the situation of those living images of yourselves, whom you have been the natural agents in bringing into existence? we again repeat the question, what must be their inevitable situation some forty or fifty years hence, should our agricultural operations continue to be practised upon the same plan, as it has been for that length of time past? and we think every candid person will, with us, unhesitatingly respond, deplorable indeed! But you will probably say, what can we do? we must plough and plant, and cultivate our lands, in order to make a support for our families.

All this we do not only frankly admit, but recommend the performance as a duty obligatory on every person; but the mistake seems to be not in fulfilling this duty, but in the manner of employing the means required in its fulfilment. We are required to cultivate the soil, in order to procure the indispensable necessities of life; but we read in the fable, that the boy found cause of regret that he had killed his goose which laid him a golden egg, in order to obtain sudden riches; and if we are not grossly mistaken, many farmers have regretted, and many more will have cause to reflect, when, by exhausting their manure, they have exhausted their fertility, and rendered them unproductive and useless; when, had they pursued a judicious course, instead of exhausting they might have improved their fertile properties, and in the mean time realized much greater profits than they have hitherto done, with the same exertions.

The next inquiry will perhaps be, in what manner can we cultivate our lands, so as to improve their fertility, and at the same time realize greater profits with the same exertions?

For successful effort in pursuit of these desirable objects, we would recommend the following rules:

First. Cultivate less ground. We have almost universally witnessed, in our estimation, a considerable curtailment of clear profits occasioned by over cropping; so that the performance of the labor could neither be so well nor so timely executed, both of which we consider very essential to the farmer.

Secondly. What you undertake do well. What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. Our farmers too generally suffer quite serious losses, by performing their work in a slovenly manner.

Thirdly. Cultivate more extensively Root crops and Artificial Grasses. It is next to an impossibility for a farmer to accumulate wealth without these auxiliaries, or a heavy tax upon both his constitution and his soil, and too often upon his morals.

Fourthly. Observe the strictest economy in collecting and preserving manures, and applying them to the soil, so as to obtain the greatest possible benefit. We generally see this prime source of wealth most shamefully neglected; and yet those who must neglect their manure, are the very persons we hear making the loudest complaint of their lack of means to make manure.

Fifthly. Adopt a systematic rotation of crops, in such order that the same kind of grain may not follow in immediate succession, without an intervening crop of clover or some other artificial grass. Many a choice piece of soil has been exhausted and rendered unproductive in a few years, by a continued succession of grain crops, without renovating process.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

At the court leet of the Crown Manor of Presteign, the niece of the late bellman and crier proposed to become a candidate for the office. The steward of the manor objected to her because she was a woman. To which she replied, "God bless you, sir, that's no reason; haven't we a woman for a king?" The simplicity and readiness of the reply induced the steward to admit her as a candidate; and on a show of hands, she was unanimously elected.—Worcester (England) Journal.